Rom: Let me ſtay here till you remember it.
Iul: I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtaie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And if'e ſtay ſtill to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almoſt morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherriſhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow. (breaſt,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were ſleep and peace of ſweet to reſt.
Now will I to my Ghoſtly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
Enter Frier Francis. (night,
Frier: The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning
Checkring the Eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We muſt vp fill this oaſier Cage of ours,
With baleſull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor nought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts to vice and ſtumbles on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this ſmall flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medecine power:
For this being ſmelt too, with that part cheares each hart,
Being taſted ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes incampe them ſtill,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue ſo ſoone ſaluteth
Yong ſonne it argues a diſtempered head, (me?
So ſoone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprowſ'd by ſome diſtemperature.
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The laſt was true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fr: God pardon ſin, wert thou with *Roſaline?*
Ro: With *Roſaline* my Ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good ſonne: but where haſt thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feaſting with mine enemie: